



The Grail

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Volume 18, No. 11

March 1937

A Benedictine Lay Brother's Alphabet

A

stands for AIM

That each man has in life;
And this goal is not reached
Save by effort and strife.

You must enter the camp

Where true marksmen are trained
In the use of the weapons
Wherewith vict'ry's attained.

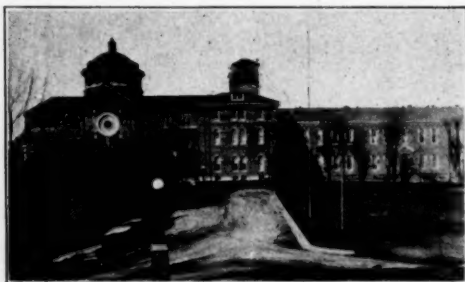
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The Grail

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THE GRAIL is edited and published monthly with episcopal approbation by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana. Rev. Hilary DeJean, O. S. B., Editor. Subscription price \$1.00 a year. Canada \$1.25. Foreign \$1.50. Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U. S. A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, section 1103, October 3, 1917; authorized June 5, 1919.

FATHER ABBOT'S PAGE



DEAR GRAIL READERS,

Excitement is the special mark of earthly activity. When worldly persons do something, the bigger the activity, so much the bigger is the excitement. We had a fine example of excitement in the recent flood disaster in the Ohio River regions. The radio belched forth a steady stream of information, much of it exaggerated. The few wires left in some sections were unable to carry all the telephone messages that excited persons were fashioning.

Much noble and efficient work was done. Many sacrifices were made. There was a display of some of the richest heroism. But right now we are referring to the manner of performance and stressing the excited manner of action of persons of the world as contrasted with the quiet yet effective manner of action of holy souls.

In making inquiry about the status of one flood city I asked how the Little Sisters of the Poor of that city were faring. With a smile came the reply: "They are the least excited of all. They have no radio and are therefore not disturbed by the numerous reports. They are working with their usual quiet perseverance. Trusting in Divine Providence they are positively certain that St. Joseph will help."



Saintly souls do not get all wrought up. Leading just lives they live by faith and their faith engenders a genuine trust in God. They place themselves so completely in God's hands that they have a supernatural sense of safety and resignation. They know that nothing happens or will happen without God's having a hand in it. They are willing to abide by God's decrees and their execution.

Would that we all had such holiness that we needed not to fear God's decrees and actions. Divine Providence is a wonderful thing in theory and a still more wonderful thing in practice. Let us try to regulate our lives and live them with a calmness that proves our trust in God. If we habitually engage ourselves in the simple effort to please God in all things we do, there will never be any reason for our getting all flustered or excited. Learn to realize that sanctity surrounds itself with calmness, whereas irreligion is known by its noise and excitement.

Yours most cordially,

Ignatius Esser, O.S.B.

Abbot.

Speaking of Over-Emphasis

Alfred F. Horrigan

IT IS generally at this time of the year, when American life has ceased to hinge upon the Saturday afternoon movements of a number of inflated hunks of pigskin, that there will appear in any of the self-confessedly serious magazines an equally serious article bemoaning the over-emphasis on modern inter-collegiate athletics, and pointing out the havoc this over-emphasis is working with our system of higher education. It will be demonstrated with logic and precision that our state colleges are nothing but athletic clubs, social centers of contact, somewhere for the inmates to rest up for the serious sport and drinking of the weekend. Examples will be produced to show that the average "A. B." from one of the institutions which is part of the "greatest educational system in the world" (this phrase, with becoming scorn, is always put in quotation marks) is thrust out upon the long-suffering world in a state of naked, unashamed ignorance. If he (the A. B.) is a little better than average, we will be told, he knows there is some trick about not splitting an infinitive, or maybe about splitting it; he feels that the atomic chart is a swell idea but has more or less forgotten its connection with life in general; he admits that the Punic wars were a mistake, but is rather inclined to believe that it served the Persians right. In this vein of hurt irony, our article will go on for some two or three thousand words, indubitably proving that state higher education as dispensed at present is a farce full of sound and fury signifying and profiting nothing.

Time was when my soul swelled in sympathy with the grim opponent of pedagogical abuses. But that was yesterday. Today, as a result of observations made during the last few years, I am convinced that, under the circumstances, the present over-emphasis on athletics, the undue prominence given to social functions and the fraternity and sorority fetish, as in vogue at our state colleges, are collectively a sine qua

non requisite for the continued relative well-being of our country. The reason for this opinion is the identical one ordinarily adduced in condemnation of these very features, i. e., they most effectively prevent the spread of learning. (The word "learning" as used here is, of course, not to be confused with "knowledge.") The difficulty with a statement like this is, that at first sight, it might appear as a labored attempt at mere cleverness. In the present instance nothing is more untrue. I am of the unshakable and honest opinion that the less the student in a state-supported institution of higher education assimilates of what is being taught to him, the better it is for himself, the country, and society as a whole.

Perhaps my point is best elucidated by examples. Consider the so-called eclectic system which holds undisputed sway in the philosophy departments of our state colleges. On beginning his course, the student is told that since the dawn of time Man has been seeking to solve the riddle of his existence, nature and destiny. In the course of history many and, for the most part, conflicting answers have been given. Who is right and who is wrong? The professor shrugs urbanely. "What is truth? All I can do is to offer you a synopsis of the thought of the world's best minds. It is for you to decide and choose. It is for you to shape your own philosophy of life." During the ensuing course the student is given varying doses of Heraclitus, Plato, Philo, Avicenna, Descartes, Hume, Locke, Kant, Spinoza, Hegel, Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, and perhaps a half-dozen of the "world's other great minds." At the end of this time he, de jure, should be convinced that it is just as possible that he doesn't exist as it is that he does; that everything may very well be flux; that sense knowledge is mostly delusion; that matter and mind are entirely separate; that the evidence against the freedom of will, immortality of the soul (stream of consciousness),

(Turn to page 332)

That Settled Everything!

A. Patricia Bortolotti, M. A.

ALAN HACKETT was driving slowly to Claudia's house! This would seem unusual for Alan, the more so as Claudia had just arrived home from her summer vacation at the Lake, were it not that Alan expected this coming interview with Claudia to be his last intimate conversation with the only girl he had ever loved.

Claudia was such a sensible girl that Alan felt she could have understood anything except this act of his which had sprung from his religious beliefs. No, she would not understand or feel his loyalty to the Church. She would think him narrow-minded! If he had been allowed to present his side of the problem, he might have made her understand, for Claudia was fair and just, but surely her sneering brother and his companion, her admirer, had ridiculed the heroic act of renunciation for a principle!

If only, by that sacrifice for loyalty, Alan had not lost eight hundred dollars and with it the opportunity to buy Claudia an engagement ring and offer her a little bank account to be used in case of necessity if things for him became worse. If Alan had known, he pondered, that he would receive the eight hundred dollars, could he have resisted the temptation? Alan, named after his two fine uncles Albert and Andrew, found himself hoping that he would have had the grace to refuse anyhow. He must not allow that modern psychologist with the sneer to say of him, Alan Hackett, "every man has his price!" He had agreed as a senior at college with Father Ryan that 'every man has NOT his price'. But Alan was not resigned to the ridicule of Claudia's brother and friend, Bob, to the loss of eight hundred dollars, or least of all, to the probable rejection by Claudia. Claudia had never definitely promised to marry him, because Alan's religion was always an obstacle.

Alan tried to recall Claudia's views on religion for the hundredth time. She seemed to

believe that people did more or less as they pleased, with or without religion. She held that a man might attain just as high a standard of living without religion, by being decent for decency's sake and playing the game. That was Galsworthy, of course, for Claudia read and re-read that excellent writer. She had smiled sweetly when Alan had praised the writing but disagreed with the philosophy of the novels. Some men might be decent for decency's sake. Some men may have character without having religion or philosophy, but for most persons life was difficult enough with all the helps of religion and philosophy, and sin was too attractive to be avoided because of some indefinite decency unattached to God and moral law. Yes, Claudia even believed that suicide for some was right, though Alan had pointed out that she would not accept it so glibly if she were the person given to insanity now and then, or blind. Alan had urged that a creed of beauty and service to fellow men would not be a strong enough creed for him. She had laughed at the strength of his Creed, and then said that everyone must be free to believe as he chooses. They had never quarreled about religion, but Alan knew that he must not marry Claudia until she saw the True Church as he did, for her outward parade of everyman's freedom to hold his own beliefs might not be so pleasant or liberal in the concrete to a life-partner. Yet, he loved her—this beautiful English girl with her style, her culture and her refined beauty—and he wondered how he could ever give up this object of his devotion. She had teased him about being 'religiously serious'. Did she think him a dull bother? Religion, Claudia, love—how long had he thought of these and to what purpose? Ah, there she was on the porch, more alluring than he had even imagined.

Alan had greeted her awkwardly and asked the usual questions about vacations. Claudia had been charming, at ease, and had ushered him to the enclosed back porch where she sat

beside him on an unmoving swing. Now it would come, Alan felt.

"I heard tales about you, Alan," she smiled with lips and violet eyes.

"I thought you might," he managed to reply.

"Why didn't you write and give me your story?"

"I thought of doing so," he admitted, "but it would seem as if I had done something unusual or of which I was ashamed and had to offer a defence."

"You don't think your conduct ridiculous?" Her eyes searched his.

"No," he replied steadily.

"Or heroic either—?" her 'either' pronounced with the 'i' sound reminded Alan of her admiration for Galsworthy's works and he felt hopeless.

"Of course not heroic," he answered quietly, almost dully. "I merely did the only possible thing under the circumstances."

"I don't see that you did the ONLY possible thing. There was the alternative of going to the show with my brother and Bob."

"That wasn't exactly an alternative, Claudia. The picture was on the 'off' list and I had signed a pledge and made the pledge standing, not to violate our position and promote bad pictures. Besides that, the manager of the theatre had sneeringly informed the Holy Name men of the parish that he had just as full house no matter what kind of movies he showed. The men had asked him not to show so many of the very FEW pictures on the 'off' list. There aren't so many pictures on the forbidden list, you know, and I couldn't violate a pledge or let the Holy Name men down. The only way to impress the manager is to enforce our stand by not attending the forbidden movies. So, there really wasn't any alternative," he added.

"Oh, I think the movement is a good one, but it was bank night and the movie wouldn't hurt you. You knew you might win the eight hundred dollars."

"Oh, my name might be called for the eight hundred dollars, but I couldn't violate a pledge even on a certainty."

"You wouldn't violate a pledge or the Church wouldn't let you?" she demanded.

"The Church initiated the movement and those who wished made the pledge. I would not have violated the pledge had I made it to

any organization or club." He stopped and then added deliberately, "however, if the Church had merely commanded me not to attend forbidden movies, I would have obeyed her dictates as reasonable and with some sensible basis."

"Then, the letter Bud wrote was more or less true. I'll read it to you." She opened a letter which had been folded in a book and read aloud;

"You can't imagine what has just happened to that Catholic boy friend of yours. Talk about fanatical saps and all that. Bob and I asked him to the show, for our usual try at bank night. Our sainted pal turned us down, folding his hands piously and telling us heathens that the show was not fit to be seen! Such innocence in a man of his age fairly maketh me blush. Forbidden pictures! Of course his explanation was long-winded and full of words handed Catholics by priests. I'm glad the 'pater' brought us up to do our own thinking. Well, Bob and I went to the show and Saint Alan's name was pulled from the tub and he would have won the eight hundred dollars. Bet he's sorry he didn't go. Love from Bob and—"

She stopped, folded the letter and replaced it in a book. Alan's face was red. Ridicule hurt, but far beneath burned a sickening anger and disgust. Claudia turned her large eyes upon his embarrassed face and said quietly,

"Are you sorry you didn't go as Bud suggests?"

"No, and at this moment, I'm glad I didn't go."

"When I received Bud's letter and none from you," she continued not heeding his last remark, "I determined to ask you if you regretted your stand. If you did not, and you have just said that you do not, then—that settled everything!"

"That is my stand," Alan said, "and I think you have sized it up rightly." Alan arose, full of love for her that would not depart at his command, full of disgust with people who would not try to understand another's position.

"I have sized you up more rightly than you suspect," agreed Claudia, rising also. Then giving Alan both her hands, she added, "I determined that if you did not regret your stand, I would look into your Faith. For a long time,

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Natural Law

Gabriel Verkamp, O. S. B.

MOST people, on hearing the word 'law,' think only of a written law that can be found in books. 'Show me the law,' they say. They think only of the laws made by man. Some people seemingly pay great respect to a man-made law, but do not know any other law.

In order to understand something about the natural law we must first ask ourselves: what is law in general? Who can make laws? How do we know what laws there are?

What is law? Law is generally conceived as order, for where there is law there is order, and without law there cannot be order. Order, however, is rather the effect of law. Things are ordered according to law. But things cannot be ordered without a plan. Hence law supposes a plan. But a plan can exist only in a mind. An irrational creature cannot have a plan, because it has no mind. Beside the plan, there must be the will to execute the plan. The will to execute the plan is not called a law unless it is executed by another that is subject to the legislator. The artist who makes a statue according to his own plan is not subject to any law made by the artist. Likewise a librarian who arranges the library according to his own plan is not directed by law, but the assistant librarians are subject to the law of the principal librarian, whose plan they must follow. Hence we might define law as follows: the plan of a superior (legislator) who wants an inferior or subject to execute that plan. The actual execution of a plan consists in activity. Law, therefore, directs activity.

In the universe there are many kinds of activities. But in general we can divide all activity into rational and irrational. Rational activity proceeds from reason, whereas irrational activity does not. Irrational here does not mean that it is against reason, it simply means that it is not rational. Activity that proceeds from a perverse reason is also called irrational in the sense that it is against reason.

All natural activity is generally considered to be irrational activity. However, it is natural for man to think and to will. Thinking and willing are therefore natural activities for man, but they are not irrational. There are, however, activities in man not under the control of his reason. Thus man grows, his heart beats, the blood circulates, etc. There are other activities in man that can either be rational or irrational. Thus, for instance, moving the arms or walking. If a man moves his arms because he wants to, then the movement of the arms is a rational act, since this movement is controlled by the will; but if this movement is not willed, it is not a rational act.

Even purely natural activity is governed by law, as all scientists also tell us, and if it is governed by law it is subject to a will. The stars move, just as our arms move, because there is a law, a will that directs them according to a definite plan. Hence there is no absolutely purely natural activity. All activity is either directed by the mind and will of man or it is directed by the mind and will of God.

There is a great difference in the way God and man govern or direct so-called irrational activity. God does it by law. All irrational creatures act according to their nature, which for them is the law of God, since God is the author of nature. Man cannot make any law for irrational activity. If man wants a tree to grow, he can plant a tree but he cannot make it grow. If man wants to build a house, he must take the material piece by piece and put it in its proper place. God has built this magnificent universe by letting the various parts act for themselves according to their nature. Just as man cannot make a law for irrational creatures, in the same way he cannot unmake any of these laws.

The laws which govern irrational activity are called laws of nature. Man can make use of these laws of nature and they are really for his benefit. Without the law of gravity, for

instance, we could not have a house to live in. In every physical action performed by man he makes use of the laws of nature. But whilst man is making use of the laws of nature, he may be at the same time acting against another law, as we shall see later on. The man who works on Sundays, prepares the soil and sows his crops or cultivates them, is making use of the laws of nature, but these same laws of nature may afterwards operate in a most destructive manner.

Man is likewise a creature of God. God has also given man a nature which is rational, i. e., man can know his nature and know whether his actions proceed from his nature. Man's rational nature constitutes the natural law. To deny the natural law is to deny that man has a nature which is rational. To say that there is a rational nature, but that this nature is not a law, is to say that God does not care whether man's rational acts are in conformity with the nature which He Himself has put in man. Of course the libertine will say that man can never act against his nature since every rational act is a free act which proceeds from the free nature of man. This would be so if freedom were the only determining factor in man's nature. But man's nature is not merely free; there are other natural tendencies in man. His freedom is therefore limited, at least morally, even if not physically. The irrational creature can never act against its nature, but man, because he is free, can act against his nature. Thus man's nature tends towards God just as the stone tends downward, but, whereas the stone cannot of itself resist this law, man can refuse to tend towards God. When man acts against the natural law, he sins because he is also disobeying God.

Who can make laws? As is evident from what has been said, law directs activity. Hence

anyone who is placed at the head of a certain line of activity can make laws. But man can make laws only for other human beings, if there is a group acting towards a definite end. The activity of the group must be regulated by law, otherwise it would be impossible to accomplish the desired end.

God is at the head of all activity, and hence God is the supreme legislator. God makes laws for the irrational creature as well as for man. He directs the course of the heavenly bodies, the sun, moon, and stars, which in turn cause the seasons, the rains, the winds, and all this makes life possible on earth. God does all this

in a wonderful manner by the laws of nature. Even the pagans admired the wonderful order in the universe and fell down in adoration, although this frequently resulted in idolatry, because they did not conceive the One in whose mind the plan of governing the universe was conceived, as distinct from the universe.

We know that men also make laws. Let us see by what authority. If a group unites for some purpose, they intend by united activity to accomplish that purpose.

For this, rules are necessary. People could not even unite in playing games unless they had a set of rules according to which to play. Hence we have rules for baseball, football, etc. Nobody doubts that to someone the right has been given to make these rules, and anyone who really wants to play will abide by these rules. But if one has as his primary object to win and only secondarily wants to play, then he might cheat if he could get by with it. It is simply a question of whether he wants to play because he wants to win or whether he wants to win because he wants to play.

In the case of games we have a purely voluntary union. There is nothing in the nature of man to oblige him to enter such a union. But

Way of the Cross

GLADYS WILMOT GRAHAM

*I am one who has been to Gethsemane—
This moment I came from there;
And I touched the stone where the Christ-
man knelt
To breathe His prayer.*

*I am one who has been to Gethsemane;
Kedron my feet have crossed.
That gate I found one lone chill night
When stars were lost.*

*I am one who has been to Gethsemane
Where tear-drops burn like flame:
When I reached for the sorrow that would
not pass
... angels came.*

there is another kind of union that is not purely voluntary but obligatory. By his very nature man is a social being. And many individual social beings living together produce social activity that demands social organization. Since such an organization would be impossible without laws, there must be someone who receives authority to make the necessary laws. Anyone who wants to live socially will obey these laws, and man must want to live socially because God has made him a social being. God, however, has not determined the form of this organization nor the specific laws that must be made. The people themselves determine the form of the organization, but the laws are made by those who have received authority in this organization.

We might ask: why has God made man a social being? The answer to this question will give us a better understanding of the social nature of man and consequently also of those natural laws that flow from the social nature of man. Since man has been made for God, it is evident that the fact that man is a social being has a relation to the primary end of man. It is a means by which the primary end can be better or even at all accomplished. If the social nature of man would not be a means to the primary end, then the social nature of man would not exist, since it could not exist as an end in itself, for that is God alone, nor would it be a means. If man could perfectly fulfil his destiny by himself, he would not be subject to a social organization. But man is not perfect by himself. He depends on other men for his existence and for the acquiring of other necessary perfections. The angel does not depend on other angels for existence nor for further perfections; consequently the angels do not form social unions. Hence the reason why man is a social being is because he is by his nature imperfect and has need of the assistance of his fellow men. The primary unit to help imperfect man is the family; but not even the family is sufficient to supply man with all his needs. Society therefore must supply man with the natural means of acquiring perfection and the State must protect the natural rights of man which are the natural means of acquiring perfection.

Since man's social nature is essentially connected with man's religious nature, it follows

that Society itself is religious. In saying that man has a religious nature is meant that man has been created and lives for God whom man must obey. Obeying God constitutes morality. Morality is an essential characteristic of religion. Since Society is religious, it must be moral, and no head of a State may make laws that are contrary to God's laws either positive or natural. All laws receive their binding force in as far as they are based on the religious nature of man.

In obeying the laws of the State we obey not merely man, but we obey God first of all. We obey man because we want to obey God. He who does not want to obey God cannot be a good citizen. Without religion, government would merely be an artificial institution. Laws would merely be conventional like the rules of pronunciation or of table etiquette. Just as it is not morally wrong to mispronounce a word or not to observe a law of grammar or to disregard some rule of table etiquette, so it would not be morally wrong to violate the laws of the State.

If the State protects your natural rights, it does this because it is obliged to do so by God. A State therefore, a true State, is a religious institution because it itself has moral obligations and imposes moral obligations upon its subjects. But a moral obligation can come from God alone. It is therefore ridiculous to say that religion has nothing to do with the State nor the State with Religion, since the State itself must by its very nature be religious.

(To be continued)

Blessed and praised every moment be the most holy and divine Sacrament.—(Ind. 100 days, once a day—Plen. once a month)

Often we have an unpleasant experience on our visits to our common acquaintances, but never on our visits to Jesus in His Sacrament of love.

There is no one to whom the mere vicinity of the Blessed Sacrament has not been the cause of unnumbered blessings, even if he knew them not.—Faber.

Heart Starvation

Marie Austin Major

SHE SAT THERE, erect as a delicate carving, her meticulously manicured hands folded to proclaim her poise, her smoky grey eyes reflected in the grey Persian lamb she wore. Someone had said that Mrs. Benjamin's eyes and coat were much alike—the one unmatched in hauteur, the other in price.

And yet, there was little Jennie Dean asking with her great black eyes a-shine in her thin face—asking with all the glad anticipation of her lonesome girl's heart:

"Will you?—oh, would you really care to go?"

And there was no longer any hauteur in the smoky grey eyes that so strangely resembled the grey of her expensive wrap—only sweet compassion set off as a cameo by her genteel breeding, as she bent over the cot of the girl:

"Yes, dear, I should much like to go!"

She stayed thus, bending long over the slender patient, smoky eyes holding black ones, convincing.

Would she like to go?

What insane questions well-meaning people could put to others in their ignorance! How *could* she enjoy or even tolerate a series of mission sermons, she who had not entered a Catholic house of worship these good twenty years past?

But with that pale little face pleading its unconscious prayer, what else could she do? She arose silently still looking at Jean. Suddenly she took her hand in hers and kissed her, first smoothing the damp hair from her forehead much as her mother might have done.

"Do you know, dear, that in my college days I gathered from those erudite bipeds called 'dons' that there were three species of starvation: (1) physical starvation; (2) mental starvation, and (3) heart-starvation. This last will be my special care from now on where you are concerned—" and in true patrician fashion she needs must add "and my privilege!"

"And the soul—does the soul not need any food?" shot out the anxious question.

But Mrs. Benjamins was already at the door of the white-washed ward where she only paused for a farewell gesture of her hand.

"Up!" she instructed the man at the lift all the while knowing she meant "Down." In what a turmoil these innocent-eyed Jennie Deans could plunge a person!

Her soul—spiritual food—ah! but she must not think of that—certainly not of her husband whom she had married in his Protestant church choked full with flowers—and nothing else. Nor yet of her fair-haired son who was graduating this coming spring and entertained not the remotest idea of his Catholic birthright.

WOULD it please her to go!

That question—haunting, ever-recurrent, the underlying tempo at the dinner table that evening, under the soft glimmer of lights, the flash of diamonds tempered with jade.

But husband and son suspected it never a jot. Instead proudly they looked at the mistress of their home and from the bottom of their hearts gave thanks to—well, whoever might be responsible for their luck—the fairies or fate. Of a gracious God they thought not at all. Not at all till—

"Do you know," announced the wife and mother, "I was at the Mercy Hospital this afternoon to see Jennie Dean—"

"Your orphaned *protégée*, mother?"

"The very same; she seems to have got over the first shock of her loss, but the loneliness of the child—it is sheer heart-starvation!"

"I—I—hope you didn't promise to adopt her?" hastily interposed Mr. Benjamins with a sudden panicky feeling at the prospect of having his happy homelife upset.

Mrs. Benjamins stole a side glance at her tall son—the lines of his mouth were firm—absolutely non-committal. She turned away quickly.

"Oh no!" was the laughingly given assurance, "nothing quite so drastic as that."

"All the same," she resumed after a while, and there was a small smothered sigh (still, that was all so deeply buried in the past—was it really worth regretting?) "—all the same I made a promise almost as ridiculous."

The son's eyes travelled to the diamond and jade necklace, a birthday gift from himself.

"Surely you haven't pledged those—?"

"You foolish boy! As if I could ever part with them! No," and again she sobered "but I actually promised to drive her down to a series of lectures—er—Catholics call them a mission—every night this week—"

"Great work!" applauded young Clem while both his parents looked on in wonder, "I saw the series announced in the papers during the last few days and I feel an itch to go myself."

"What about yours truly to finish off the quartette?" suggested Mr. Benjamins, "I'm not old enough as yet to be contented with a pipe and bedroom slippers for my post-prandial."

The wife-mother made no reply, beyond a little sharp intake of breath as she lowered her eyes. What would be the outcome—?

COMING home from the last of the series of instructions that night a strange silence pervaded the limousine. The last—unless she got it over with tonight—she felt a door would close upon her forever.

Holding tight to Clem's arm as he opened the door of her room for her she had barely been able to formulate the words:

"I was a Catholic once—and I married your father—in the face of all—well, you heard—"

Now Clem's mother sat there before him, so still that the jade earrings flickered not a whit, her left hand shading her face from him. It was tragic to see her so crushed, so passionless in her abject confession of an hour ago.

And yet for the moment he was too deeply

hurt, too bitter to check the words that stung her as so many lashes:

"And you married father knowing that as a Catholic it was for you no marriage at all! You wilfully deceived him all the time knowing that you were bound to receive the Sacrament of Marriage administered by a minister whom you believed alone had the power to confer it?"

There was no attempt at any self-justification. The relentless young voice went on:

"Oh mother, could you not think? Do you not realize in what a false position it has placed me, if you are not considered as truly my father's wife—"

At that she held out a mutely imploring hand.

"Stop—"

In a moment he was at her side, his love stronger than his disillusionment. He gathered her in his arms as a thousand times before he had done.

At last she lifted her face to him and in it was the dawn of hope.

"If—if your father is willing we could have the marriage rectified—"

"Willing?—willing, did you say? Could any sane man not desire it?"

"And," proceeded his mother, "you could be baptized—"

"Was I never baptized?"

"No, Clem. Your father was not a religious man, I was—er—tepid and the matter was left in abeyance."

"And—and—may I accompany you when you make your charitable rounds?"

"Anywhere particularly?" she asked with a sharp glance into his eyes.

"Oh—at the Mercy Hospital," he offered off-handedly.

So! it had been a full week's work. For a long moment the mother continued to look at him, until suddenly he hid his face against her shoulder.

"Would it make you happy, Clem?" she asked ever so softly.

All is Well

WALTER SULLIVAN, O. S. B.

*Tired and weary, Jesus rested for a spell,
By His cross and Passion tested,
By the weight of sin molested as He fell:
While my soul with vice infested
Ran the way that self suggested—on to hell.
Since my soul of sin divested
By Christ's Passion now is bested all is well.*

"Very, very happy, only as God can make a man happy." And he remembered as he uttered the words that not so long ago he had thought it was some unknown power, the myths of fairies that kept brewing his potion of joy for him.

"I'll relinquish to your more able hands that undertaking to attend to the special food she needs for heart-starvation—"

"And she has brought me," he finished radiantly as if seeing things from afar, "she has brought me food for the soul."

He stopped short for from her throat she had disengaged her beautiful necklace.

"Being one of your gifts," she explained, "I know Jean would like nothing so much as these for her wedding gift. It will be a heirloom from henceforth to be handed down from mother to daughter."

"I'll get you some others," he said huskily.

"If you can find any!" she defied girlishly.

"Which rather leaves me out of the picture."

Both whirled around to where Mr. Benjamins was standing behind them.

"I heard a good deal," he confessed and neither were deceived by his gruffness of voice. "I say, Clem, I rather liked those lectures—"

"When are you joining the missionary's convert class?" and instinctively he held out his hand. His father gripped it as he answered:

"Tomorrow, my boy—with you!"

"Okay, Dad!"

A great weight lifted from his shoulders as he left the two to talk things over. And in his hand he suddenly became aware that he carried his future bride's wedding gift from his mother. In his heart welled forgiveness, complete and full—Great Scott!—it takes a man's whole courage to come back to the narrow road after your feet have carelessly chased butterflies.

"Little Spartan-mother!" he murmured tenderly.

Speaking of Over-Emphasis

(Continued from page 324)

and the existence of a truly personal God is overwhelming. Everything else aside, it is certain that there is no possibility of having true certitude about anything; consequently it is unintelligent to trouble oneself about such a

thing as an ultimate and universal criterion of morality.

The history student fares little better. He is informed that religion is the product of an evolutionary process based upon primitive man's fear of the elements. Christ, he soon discovers, either never lived or was a trickster with remarkable powers of hypnotism and accommodation; or it is even possible that he is merely the surviving figment of some Hebrew Gilgamesh epic. It is demonstrated how the Church down through the ages has been the implacable foe of science, enlightenment, and material progress. All its present doctrines, from auricular confession to papal infallibility have, of course, been invented according to the exigencies of the times. If the student shifts his interests to science, the fare is not improved. He is stuffed with dynamism, atomism, mechanism and objective idealism, while the absurd hylomorphism of the medieval Schoolmen is held up for his amusement. In the study of literature the tale spins onward merrily, as the basic, all-pervading theme of an aspiration of something spiritual in man toward an Infinite Being is explained away suavely by a pantheistic, materialistic evasion.

What would be the results if a large percentage of the students actually would come to understand and believe these and a thousand other things they are being taught, and then would proceed to drive them to their logical conclusions? The structure of our civilization could survive hardly a generation. The institution of marriage (what is left of it), property rights and the principles of civil law could be reduced with perfect logic to ridiculous anomalies. I say "with perfect logic." Once it has been given as demonstrated that the doctrines of a personal God, immortality of the soul and free-will are untenable, or even uncertain, I challenge any man alive to produce a solidly reasoned argument why an individual has not a perfect right to embark upon a career of murder, theft, and unrestrained lust.

But now back to the original theme. Why, in fact, are not social, moral, and political conditions as bad as we might be led reasonably to expect? The answer is simple. The majority of the students in our state colleges are learning practically nothing. They have, fortunately, neither the time nor the inclination. There

are the thrice-blessed over-emphasized athletics, the Greek letter societies, proms, hops, cotillions and a thousand other terribly vital distractions. And since there seems to be no chance of abrogating the present educational system itself in its apotheosized form, I, for one, say, "Thank God for these distractions." May they prosper and wax more numerous. I recommend a six month football season and schedules well sprinkled with intersectional games. The teams should be accompanied on trips by the entire student body, while the off nights at home could be filled in with some nice, quiet form of entertainment. For schools having difficulties in producing winning teams I suggest trading in their faculty for an additional staff of coaches. Let us hope that the present stringent regulations requiring the students to be able to read and write to receive their degree will be moderated. Such things tend to remind them of class rooms and text books. This is what must be avoided at all costs. Let the watchword be, "Anything and everything to keep interest out of the class room." There the danger lies. All this by-play, of course, is going to entail expenses of hundreds of millions of dollars, but when we are fighting for self-preservation we cannot hesitate over book-keeping details.

That Settled Everything!

(Continued from page 326)

I have tried to make your Church seem unreasonable, but again and again you have showed me its soundness. You yourself believe in its reasonableness. I like firm creeds, dogmatic creeds based on reason, and I'm sick to death of things that can be twisted to mean anything. Your Faith is like you, Alan—or rather, you are like your Faith." Now, Alan took her hands, surprised.

"You are sensible," he murmured almost to himself, "I wish more than ever that you love me, Claudia."

"Since you admit me sensible, you should know that I love you, Alan! Any sensible girl would." She saw doubt still in his eyes and added solemnly, "yes, I love you very much, Alan—as—as much as you love me!"

Talleyrand

D. D.

WE KNOW of people leading lives estranged from their God but who wish to die in His embrace. When rebuked for their evil ways they make the brazen assertion that they will square accounts before they die. To assure themselves and others they point to an example or two of a death-bed conversion, an "eleventh hour" repentance.

One striking example of such an occurrence we have in that notorious personage of French Revolutionary times, Talleyrand. Although a bishop of the Church, he severed relations with her to give an undivided allegiance to the infamous State. In place of priests who refused to take the oath of the Civil Constitution this moral degenerate sacrilegiously ordained others to serve as tools of the Convention. The Reign of Terror over, he attached himself to Napoleon in a diplomatic capacity. Years went by and still he refused to be reconciled to his God, despite the pleadings of his devoted daughter. When the latter became importunate he would quietly brush her aside with a "Not now." At length, in his eighty-fourth year, he lay prostrate on his death bed, but still he lingered on in his obduracy. One evening a severe sinking spell gripped him. His grief-stricken child begged him to summon a priest that very night. "No daughter," he whispered, "not yet." Early the next morning he yielded and gave the word, "Now you may call a priest." The Abbe Dupanloup ministered to the dying man. A chart was presented with a list of errors that had to be renounced before the reception of the sacraments. All eyes were riveted on the one who, for long years had guided the destinies of Europe, as he glanced over the articles. Finally, with a hand trembling from weakness and emotion, he traced at the bottom of the scroll, "Charles Maurice, Prince de Talleyrand." Four hours later he appeared before his Creator.

The devotion of all devotions is the love of Jesus Christ and the frequent thought of the love which this most amiable Redeemer has borne and still bears to us.—St. Alphonsus.

St. Francis of Assisi undertook nothing without first going to the church to consult Jesus.

Personality Club

Jocelyn Bart

I PRESUME that we all agree that a magnetic or charming personality is not easily attained, but like all things worth attaining, demands effort, ceaseless watching, correcting, weeding out and additions. Yes, we all have personality; we all have some 'outward expression of our inward self.' If we have sour, bitter inward selves, our personality will be sour and bitter. Perhaps it is the old story that 'out of the fullness of the heart, the mouth speaketh.' If the characteristics of our six inward selves are charming, our personality is almost certain to be charming and magnetic. There might be one obstacle—that of correctly expressing our selves. In these columns we are studying various characteristics to attain or avoid, and incidentally, we are also studying means of correctly expressing these newly acquired or already present characteristics.

So far, in this series, we have touched upon one characteristic of the 'child self' and one characteristic of the 'social self.' This month we will consider how correctly to express our 'educated self.'

Do not say, "ah, that lets me out." We ALL have an 'educated self.' We ALL express it daily, whether we wish to do so or not. This 'educated self' does not refer merely to our time of schooling—our diplomas or degrees. It means for some of us the sum total of our knowledge of recent motion pictures and data about the movie stars. It means for others our knowledge of cooking, our hobbies of delicious salads or cakes. I daresay that if you consider each of your friends, you can select the topic uppermost in his 'educated self' as expressed daily in your presence. Our task is to consider whether or not we are making ourselves charming by our own personal expression of our 'educated self.' Perhaps we mean well, but are not considering the other person. Perhaps our enthusiasm leads us to forget the effect we are making as we express our 'educated self.'

I think I can sum up all the rules and suggestions in one sentence of an old professor—

"be careful not to hold the center of the stage too long." Don't begin on a recital of facts or suggestions, no matter how interesting or how great your enthusiasm, but rather offer a few suggestions and then move from the center of the stage for a time. Think of the persons you know whom you think have a charming personality. Recall—do they not occupy both the center of the stage and the background too?

When the other person is expressing his or her 'educated self,' pay REAL attention and do not merely await your turn to recite. A friend of mine who works for a large newspaper often smiles, from the sidelines, at his married friends. John gives a long story to Tom of the cute doings of his little boy. Tom isn't really listening and the moment John pauses, Tom begins a similar tale of the pranks of his child. Neither Tom nor John are correctly expressing his 'educated self' or allowing his friend to do so. Then there is the lady who tells the stories of all the movies she has witnessed since the last time you talked with her. If she talks brilliantly, and you missed the picture, you might wish to hear about one or two pictures, but three becomes a little too much, especially if you intend to see the show. Are we guilty of talking a 'blue streak' about our child, our knowledge of books, movies, stars, dresses, styles, face powders, etc.? If so, will we strive (and it will be a terrific battle) to bow on and off the center of the stage more frequently? Of course, this will not cure our friends of falsely expressing their 'educated selves,' but the world cannot be improved in a year and the only hope for civilization is the improvement and culture of each individual.

Then, there is the party who tastes some dish you make and asks the formula. She listens vaguely with no intention of making it and murmurs at the end, "so much work" or "I will never remember all that." Perhaps she asks a second time, a year later. I think, then, the only thing to do is to withhold expressing our 'educated self' and say, "It's quite a mixture.

I'll write it for you sometime," or "it's a long story."

These are random remarks about expressing and not expressing our 'educated self.' Someone will be sure to be thinking to herself, 'educated persons, especially girls, are not very popular, are they?' Frankly, I think not. Many a time I think it best to swallow a wanted piece of information. I don't think it wise continually to appear wanting in information when the other party might suspect that you know better. (After the girls marry, their time will come, for their husbands will overnight expect them to know everything.)

I am told that most men dislike going visiting or having much company because it means an evening of listening to the wife of Mr. Smith talk. The suggestion is offered that when a story about some everyday happening is to be told, that wife leave the narrating to husband.

If you have a college education, you have a problem on your hands as to how to express your 'educated self.' Some of your friends will expect you to be highbrow and use big words;

others will admire you immensely if you are 'just like everybody else.' A professor of mine advocates the thesis that 'at all times, you should be recognized as a college graduate' but—just how—is an unsolved problem. Perhaps you can best judge your friends, and, on the whole, I think acting very lowly the better rule, for your friends will exalt you after they like you and find you have lots to you that isn't on the surface.

I have omitted the word pictures because they would bore you, as no doubt you have often enough been bored by actual recitals of 'wrongly expressed educated selfs.'

Bells

D. D.

*T*HERE is something fascinating about the sound of a bell. Whistles, sirens, horns of this twentieth century may fulfil their purpose whether it be that of announcing the hour or of summoning men to duty or of warning in danger. Still they have no appeal to the higher soul of man. Now just what is there in the sound of a bell that makes it throb on our very soul's strings? Some of us have read Edgar Allen Poe's poem "The Bells," all should, wherein he sounds different kinds of bells, wedding bells, sleigh bells, funeral bells, each with their peculiar appeal to the human heart.

Napoleon, great military genius and soldier that he was, spent much of his leisure time at his palace resort, "Fontainebleau." Nearby, in the lower valley, stood the village church with its slender tower from which during the day a bell pealed forth to the village folk. The sound fascinated the emperor and he would stop short to listen. Once, when he and the Chief Council were pacing the terrace near the castle, in deep discussion concerning matters of State, there came the bell at noon. Bonaparte halted and said nothing until the sound had ceased.

Is it perhaps that God has ordained it so that His Voice should be remotely heard in the calm, clear sound of a bell? Or is it that a bell sounds the call of our celestial Fatherland? In his vision of the heavenly Jerusalem, the "Sage of Patmos" speaks of harps. These are, in sound, not unlike silvery bells.

When the Red Bird Sings!

KATE AYERS ROBERT

Down in the hollows
And up on the hillsides,
See the green mantle
That old mother Earth flings!
The babbling waters
With zephyrs are playing,
While in the oak tree
The Red Bird sings.

Hear his gay whistle!
He's telling his love song—
Joy-thrilled he flutters
Oh so gladly he swings—
Tossing his bright head
Against the young leaflets,
Radiant Cardinal!
List, while he sings!

Waft the glad message
To hawthorn and daisy,
Welcome, thrice welcome!
Loudly earth welkin ring—
List to the Red Bird,
Oh, child, maid and lover,
Hear his glad story,
It is Spring! Spring!

The Editor's Page

MIGHTIER THAN



HERE are so many "never before's" occurring each day and in increasing number, that to hear of a record broken or of some real novelty seems these days to be nothing out of the ordinary. (Even our beautiful Ohio, near which these lines go to print, has seen to it that all previous flood records should fall and be forgotten.) Old sayings and adages that have stood for thousands of years are now becoming forgotten lore; systems and usages that seemed eternally entrenched are being daily cast out for the unheard of. If King Arthur could say so many hundreds of years ago, "The old order changeth and giveth place to new," he would now have to invent even an astoundingly new way of saying it in order to be impressive.

SO ONE finds it quite unprofitable to comment on the rapidity with which this world is now changing. It remains only for those who seek to teach and to shape thought, to keep abreast as far as possible with this dizzy world in order to cry out against folly and warn of eventual loss and catastrophe. For it seems that the average person, in ever increasing number, is content to abstain from independent or serious thought and to ride comfortably with the tide on the fashion of the moment.

Among the multitudinous changes that have come over the pursuits of men, there is one which has impressed itself on my notice within the last few months with greater force—one which I think worthy of comment and worth moralizing about somewhat. It is this: The pen is no longer mightier than the sword; or, if it is still so, there is something now which is even mightier than the pen—the picture. If, because of the auto, people are forgetting how to walk, they are likewise forgetting, because of the picture, how to read.

IMMEDIATELY I can hear a great chorus of objection to this statement: never before has so much been written and printed; truly, now, "of the making of books there is no end." Even so, we can disregard all this and make our statement stand on the matter of what might be termed profitable, serious, thoughtful reading.

Our machine age has made us lazy physically; pictures have made us lazy mentally. No more do we have to read a book to get the pleasure of a novel; it is depicted for us now in moving pictures with a realism impossible to the printed word. With like and even greater realism can we get the news of the world quite up to the minute. Picture magazines have come to the fore. Just a few months ago one such magazine made its initial appearance; now each week its subscription list is growing, not by the thousands, but by the

R IN THE PEN

hundreds of thousands. And magazines which do contain reading matter exert their popular appeal because principally of lurid illustration. Watch young people of even high school education when they pick up the daily paper. They do not bother even with the headlines on the front page; they must rush to the "comics" and pore over them at great length. Thus even in the matter of light, entertaining reading, less of it is being done as time goes on; pictures substitute for it.

Not that I have a prejudice against pictures. From the beginning of her history the Church has made definite and copious use of this art in her work of attracting and saving souls. In all walks of life pictures and picture-making have a lawful place. But pictures as substitutes for the written word have always up to now served the unlettered; otherwise they were considered as mere embellishments.

HOW sadly do our young people compare with those of the past. Two examples come to my mind just now. Read the *Apologia* of Newman and learn the profound things he read while yet in his teens. Call to mind the picture of Abraham Lincoln as a young man with his craving for solid reading; how he would walk many miles to borrow a book, then read it laboriously by the light of a log fire. How I should like to reproduce here all the fine things that have been said by great men about books.

There is a pleasure in a good book which nothing else can give: it is the sense of companionship with the best minds that ever lived, a certainty of an increase in mental and spiritual wealth which is akin to the treasure one stores up in heaven by a good deed, which "neither the rust nor moth doth consume." The mind is broadened, knowledge is increased, taste is refined—one must go from a good book a better man.

AND now that good books abound everywhere and may be had for the mere asking, try to get a boy or girl down to read just one. It is quite impossible. They have no time. There is a swell movie on tonight which cannot be missed; a basketball game, a visit with friends during which inanities will be bandied about; they will go to loaf at the drug store, etc., etc. Of course their parents are most to blame, who themselves have never read, hence never learned to appreciate and value reading. Even our teachers, I am afraid, are now so overburdened with the mechanical, statistical appurtenances of teaching that they have no time to indulge a passion for reading which they might possess; hence cannot impart to their pupils an enthusiasm which they have lost.

Young people, read, read, read. Force yourselves to read something good, something solid. You thereby acquire a wealth which is real, always at hand, and which none can take from you. HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

How the Monks Saved Art

Adrian Fries, O. S. B.

ART HAS always been closely connected with religion. This fact does not surprise us when we remember that genuine art must possess the three elements of truth, beauty and goodness. Now, since Benedictine monasticism is nothing more nor less than "intensified Christianity" or "intensified religion," we may well expect, with the spread of the Benedictine spirit through the Middle Ages, a corresponding development in art. And such was truly the case.

Naturally, the first art to be considered was architecture. In the beginning, as might be expected, very little was done in this respect, but as the little monastic army grew larger, and as the communities began to multiply, building projects became a real problem. Then, too, as the religious spirit became more and more intensified, the monks felt the natural desire to beautify the monastic edifices.

Soon majestic abbeys rose up—veritable inspirations in stone—under the magic power of monastic genius and labor. The House of God, they felt, was worthy of the best; and they worked with an enthusiasm and a fidelity that lucrative motives could never have inspired. The Benedictine motto "That in All Things God May be Glorified" was the mighty force behind it all.

Eventually the world caught up their spirit. After a well-rounded moral and social readjustment that took long centuries of monastic influence to effect, men turned once more to the finer things of life. The spirit of the monks had caught fire and was spreading through every stratum of society. Men were working for God! And we find ourselves in the midst of "The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries."

That was the age of grand cathedrals. As Doctor Walsh, the great authority on medieval Catholicity, notes, "Every single portion of the cathedral was to be made as beautiful as the mind of man could conceive, his taste could plan and his hands could achieve." By the end of

the thirteenth century Europe fairly glistened with splendid churches. The world was acting civilized (which is more than we can say for the present generation); and men were happy.

The delicate Byzantine style of architecture and the massive Romanesque, both developed already before the thirteenth century, have a beauty all their own. Then, like a gorgeous sunrise, came the *Gothic*, "the perfected product," as Brannach calls it, "of a new Christian civilization." The world held its breath in astonishment. After seven centuries it is still amazed. To the *monks* we must attribute the spark that set aflame such a blaze of architectural glory.

But architecture was not the only art that the medieval monks fostered and cultivated. The illumination of manuscripts, a very delicate type of painting, was for many centuries a distinctly monastic occupation. Indeed, so proficient in this art were the monks of the early Middle Ages, that later on eminent artists were wont to use their illuminations as models for their own majestic murals. It is truly lamentable that we possess but very few of those wonderful illuminated manuscripts. We owe that paucity to men like Henry VIII, who used them, as Ralph Adams Cram notes, as *fuel for furnaces!*

Then there was ivory carving. The objects which the monks produced in this field, usually bookstands and other sanctuary appurtenances, were exquisite beyond description. Up until the eleventh century ivory carving held its own as an art of major importance, but gradually with the rise of figure sculpture it lost its position.

Another art carried on in the Middle Ages with a perfection of execution that is simply amazing was window staining. Striking scenes from the Gospel and the lives of the saints were depicted in fadeless colors, both to inspire and to educate, for, as Saint Gregory the Great says,

(Turn to page 340)

Spiritual Reconstruction --- Lent 1937

Walter Sullivan, O. S. B.

FLOOD Disaster of unprecedented extent has visited the Ohio valley leaving in its wake wreckage and losses which will take years to repair.

A popular word now and an important one is rehabilitation; this effort to repair the losses is a hopeful gesture and a salutary one. What interests us is that in the spiritual and no less real world of human souls the work of reconstruction is a daily need.

In the spiritual life which Job rightly called a warfare the souls of men are always facing moral disasters the damaging extent of which God alone is the sad Witness. Rehabilitation is forever going on, and souls bravely try to repair the frightful spiritual damage caused by personal sin.

The pity of it is that so many souls, wretched in their dilemma, lack the necessary tools of the spiritual craft to begin the work of moral reconstruction.

Fortunately for the Oblates of St. Benedict, and for those ambitious souls filled with the same brave purpose of self-perfection there is furnished in the fourth chapter of the Rule of Saint Benedict a complete tool kit of the spiritual life. This tool kit is called by Our Holy Father St. Benedict the Instruments of Good Works.

It will be our purpose in future numbers of the magazine to develop each one of these instruments in the form of a short practical conference. For the present it will be enough to select some of the instruments of good works which will prove of practical value in the lives of men and women living in the world.

The Tools of Our Spiritual Craft

1. The first is to love God with thy whole heart, thy whole soul and thy whole strength. CHARITY.
2. Thy neighbor as thyself. CHARITY.
3. To honor all men. Courtesy.
4. To entirely renounce self in order to follow Christ. Abnegation.

5. To chastise the body. Self denial.
6. Not to seek delicacies. Self denial.
7. To love fasting. Self denial.
8. To relieve the poor. Social Justice.
9. To clothe the naked. Social Justice.
10. To visit the sick. Christ-like Charity—Relief Work.
11. To bury the dead. Christ-like Charity—Relief Work.
12. To help the distressed. Christ-like Charity—Relief Work.
13. To console the afflicted. Christ-like Charity—Relief Work.
14. To fly conduct and maxims of the worldly. Unworldliness.
15. To prefer nothing to love of Christ. Detachment.
16. To be sincere in friendship. Simplicity, Sincerity.
17. To say no evil of those who speak ill of us, and to nourish in the heart no feelings except those of benediction. Forgiveness.
18. To suffer persecution for justice' sake. Longsuffering.
19. Not addicted to wine. Temperance.
20. Not a sluggard. Christian Zeal.
21. Not to backbite. Tongue Charity.
22. To keep the tongue from all inordinate talk. Tongue Charity.
23. To put one's trust in God. Faith and Hope.
24. If any one see any good in self, to set it down as God's not as belonging to oneself. Humility, modesty.
25. To fear the day of Judgment. Fear of the Lord.
26. To desire eternal life with all one's heart. Love of Eternity.
27. To have death daily before one's eyes so as to be taken by surprise at no time. Preparedness for death.

28. To watch over one's actions every moment. Custody of the heart.
29. To reject all evil thoughts that come, and to break them against the rock which is Jesus Christ. Recourse to Jesus.
30. And to discover them to one's spiritual director. Spiritual Advice.
31. Not to love to speak much. Reticence.
32. Not to speak vain words or those that excite to foolish and immoderate laughter. Refinement.
33. To hear spiritual reading with pleasure. Daily spiritual Reading.
34. To pray often. Spirit of Prayer.
35. To represent every day the commandments of God in one's daily works and actions. Catholic Action by Example.
36. To love Chastity. Love of Chastity.
37. To fly loftiness or vain glory. Modesty.
38. Revere the old. Reverence.
39. To love the young. Christ-like love of Children.
40. To pray for one's enemies through the love of Jesus Christ. Charity for Enemies.
41. To be reconciled before the sun sets to those with whom we have had any quarrel or difference. Christ-like love of Peace.
42. Never to despair of God's mercy. Child-like trust in Christ.

During the time of Lent which is a special season of spiritual reconstruction select one or several of these instruments for your own conversion or perfection. Furthermore, after the season of Lent is over continue to use these tools of the spiritual craft upon your own particular brand of self-love and sin. For, after all, there should not be so great a difference between the life of a good Catholic during Lent and the rest of the year.

If, for example, you are lazy spiritually, and cannot seem to arouse energy enough to come often to Holy Mass and Communion, take as your instrument number 20. NOT TO BE A SLUGGARD. If you are careless about avoiding the occasion of sin take as your tool of perfection number 28. To watch over one's actions every moment. If you are always hurting yourself and others by your tongue turn against yourself the sharp and useful instru-

ment, number 22. To keep the tongue from all inordinate and hurtful talk. Use these tools of the spiritual life daily. Use those instruments bravely that help you the most, and you have already launched a definite and practical campaign of reconstruction of your own immortal soul.

How the Monks Saved Art

(Continued from page 338)

"What writing is for those who read, painting is for the uneducated who can only look."

The development of music, it is true, did not reach its climax until the Renaissance Period; still, during the Middle Ages it held its own admirably through the agency of the Church and particularly of the monks. The invention of the musical scale, a boon to music for all future ages, is accredited to Guy of Arezzo, a Benedictine. Another Benedictine, Saint Gregory the Great, one of the greatest of the Popes, pruned and fashioned the ecclesiastical chant into a grand liturgical expression. And certainly the chant is a form of music—indeed the very highest form. As Dom Stephen Thuis points out in his "Gregorian Chant—a Barometer of Religious Fervor," the chant is "a distinct creation of musical art." The Benedictines, devoted in a special way to liturgical prayer, were the chief custodians of the chant, and of music, during the Middle Ages. "The monasteries always had schools," to quote Montalembert, "where this art (chant) occupied the most important place."

I have given you in these few paragraphs only a very sketchy outline of the grand work of the medieval monks, particularly of the Benedictines, in the field of art. From what has been said, you can readily see the truth, to speak only of art, in O'Hagan's words: "Art and literature do not develop from adventitious causes, but come forth from the spiritual constitution of the times." Indeed, whenever religious feeling runs high, we always find art in a corresponding state of perfection. What makes most of our modern art so consummately ugly is the fact, I believe, that it is basically atheistic. Give our people religion, give them something to live and to strive for, and art will rise up from the dust into which modern irreligion has cast it.

"I Am Black But Beautiful"

P. S.

LITTLE brother rat, listen to me. You are no longer safe here. Go, tell your companions to assemble in the shed at the end of the garden. I will feed you there on the condition that you promise no longer to invade the convent." This was the message, according to tradition, that Brother Martin addressed to one of the rats which troubled the Convent of the Holy Rosary and on whom the members of the same Convent had just declared a war of extermination. Soon after these words, according to the same tradition, there was a long procession of rats and mice to the barn designated by Brother Martin, who thus earned for himself the title of Pied Piper. Just how exact this tradition is we cannot say, neither does it matter much. What we are interested in is the personality or the soul from which they issued and of which they give such a fine picture. For they show us a heart overflowing with kindness, meekness, and love, a love which embraced not only its fellowmen but even the poorest of God's creatures.

Such was the heart of Brother Martin de Porres, a Dominican lay-brother, whose life was spent in Lima, Peru (South America) between 1579 and 1639.

Brother Martin had reason to pity other unfortunates for he himself knew what suffering was. The son of a Spanish knight Don Juan de Porres and of a freed negress Anna Velasquez, he was repulsed by his father because he had inherited the physical traits of his negro mother.

When little Martin began to distinguish himself by his charity, modesty, and humility his father's attitude changed somewhat and he sent the boy to Santiago de Guayaquil where he attended school for two years. At the age of twelve he was placed with a surgeon where he took great joy in learning how to repair man's ills and thus have an outlet for his ardent charity.

His days being mostly taken up with work, Martin used his time at night to read and pray. So many candles did he need that his landlady wondered how he was spending so much time awake. Her curiosity was satisfied and surprised when, on peering through a keyhole she beheld him rapt in prayer before a holy picture. His fame spread throughout Lima and he was loved by all for his charity and other virtues.

When Martin reached manhood, he desired to give himself more entirely to God and to his fellowman. With this purpose in mind he applied at the Dominican Convent of the Holy Rosary, asking to be admitted as a Tertiary. His humility would not allow him to seek even to become a lay-brother. He wanted the very lowest place. At this time he was twenty-two years of age, and he spent the next nine years as a Tertiary. Obedience then constrained him to become a regular lay-brother. As such he filled many positions in the convent: he was barber, infirmarian, keeper of the wardrobe.

The virtues of Brother Martin earned a name for him not only among the poor, but also among the wealthy and the hierarchy. Among others, the Archbishop thought very highly of him. But this fame did not harm the humble lay-brother; in his humility he made nothing of it, and if it were mentioned, he would cast it lightly aside. One of the many incidents showing his great humility was the offering of himself to be sold in order that money might be obtained to pay a debt: "Father," he said, "I know we have a debt to pay, but thank heaven we have a way to pay it. I am only a poor mulatto. I belong to the Order which has always treated me kindly, even though I am most useless. Sell me. Do me this favor, I implore you. Perhaps someone will make me work as I should."

Martin took very little rest and that he did not take in a bed but would lie down on some hard surface and thus take a minimum of repose. Even when sick, he did not wish to use

a soft bed; when he was ordered to do so by his superiors to preserve his health he found other ways of supplying the mortification which he lost because of obedience.

Brother Martin was poor not only in theory but also in practice. His clothes were the very poorest, his habits full of patches and falling into tatters. He wore only that which was discarded and old, giving as an excuse that he was thus free from the obligation of taking good care of them. This extreme spirit of poverty was clearly reflected in his cell. His furniture consisted of a pallet which he used when too ill to work. On the wall hung a wooden cross, a picture of the Blessed Virgin and of St. Dominic. It was here that he sent up fervent prayers to God and practiced severe mortifications after having finished his long hours of labor. Many times he was seen completely rapt in prayer and unconscious of all that was happening in this world.

The number of miraculous cures worked through his instrumentality was very great. Brother Martin often used some powdered herb or some other simple remedy, not because this was sufficient to produce the cure, but because he wished to cover up the great things that God was working through him. Let us narrate the story of one of these cures. Don Juan de Figueroa was affected by a dangerous throat disease. This man, a public official of Lima, sent for Brother Martin, of whom he was a friend, and asked him for treatment. Martin, having assured Don Juan that he would be cured, excused himself and hurried away, leaving a bottle for the sick man to use. Though there was only water in the bottle, the sick man was encouraged to drink it. An immediate cure followed.

Brother Martin became a well-known figure to the poor for whom he always carried either bread, fruit, medicine, or some other necessity. It was not necessary for them to ask of him; he seemed to be able to feel their needs and thus those who were slow to beg were not on that account left wanting. If he ever went too far it was for the sake of his beloved poor for whom he was willing to spend not only that which belonged to him but also that which was to be used for other purposes. Thus, for example, he used money that was intended as a dowry for his sister in order to buy clothes for

the poor. His generosity towards the poor and sick caused his superiors at times to rebuke him, although later they were forced to see the great charity which motivated his actions.

The poor came to visit Brother Martin not only to obtain food and medicine but also to have him pray for them, so well did they realize the efficacy of his prayers. It is hard to understand how Brother Martin kept track of all those whom he served.

On one occasion Martin was sent to work on a farm belonging to the convent at Limatambo, about two miles from the city. Each evening, after having finished his work, he visited the sick negroes of the neighborhood, whom he aided not only bodily but also spiritually by speaking of God and keeping their minds on Him.

One of Martin's greatest solicitudes was for poor and undesired children. Peru at this time was in a very disorderly state. With men who came seeking gold came also greed, disrespect of human rights, oppression of natives, disruption of families, unwanted children, suffering, hunger, etc. All this was felt keenly by Brother Martin, who, seeing that he could do little alone, set out to arouse the interest of others. The result was that he obtained the cooperation of the Archbishop, donations were obtained from the wealthy, and the Orphanage and School of Holy Cross of which he had dreamed became a reality, and remained a monument to his zeal and charity.

As was mentioned at the beginning of this sketch, Brother Martin's charity embraced cats, dogs, and other animals which are usually despised by man. Like St. Francis of Assisi he saw in them God's work and he looked upon them as God's creatures.

In spite of the rigorous penances of Brother Martin his cheerfulness did not disappear; he always remained sociable and human. He loved to visit his friends in religion. Among these especially was Blessed John Massias, whose father, a Spanish nobleman, had just left him his fortune. John came to Peru seeking not money but ways to exercise his charity. Having given away what money remained after this trip, he entered the Dominican convent of St. Mary Magdalen as a lay-brother where he served as Porter. The friendship and conversation of these two virtuous lay-brothers forms a beautiful

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Echoes from Our Abbey and Seminary

Jan. 1, 1937 seemed more like Easter than New Year's Day. Winter evidently has some good reason for avoiding us this year.

Father Lambert hurriedly chose the year 1936 to get into an automobile accident. On December 30 an auto, in which he and two Brothers from Memorial High School, Evansville, were riding, collided with a truck. Father Lambert was "out" for some thirty minutes. When he came to, however, all he had to recover from was a number of severe bruises and shock. The results of the accident were bad enough, but we join Father Lambert in thanking God that they were no worse.

Jan. 3. One of our Brother Oblates chose this cold windy day on which to bring from his hometown a prospective Oblate. Did you ever see some half-frozen human beings? Perhaps if I tell you that they came twenty-six miles on bicycles, you can realize what is meant.

This evening was the "first night" for a Mystery play, "Eager Heart," produced and acted by the Fraters. Built up around the Christmas theme, the play fitted into the season and into the moods of the critics very well.

Jan. 5. Bad news from the Indian Missions. Father Justin, at Stephan, sends word that his mission suffered a disastrous fire. The gym, garage, and machine shop were destroyed together with two trucks and a number of tools. The damage was estimated to amount to five or six thousand dollars.

In the sacristy a new device put in its appearance. At the door leading into the church stands a board by means of which one can at a glance tell which altars are in use and which are ready for use.

Students returned January 7. A few familiar faces are missing. The Brothers in the kitchen claim, though, that they are not missed in so far as the supply of food consumed is concerned.

Jan. 11. After several delays the movie, "The Crusades" finally arrived and was projected on the screen of the auditorium.

Jan. 12. Fathers John and Gaulbert left the confines of the monastery to spend a few days on a salad-making tour. They intend to visit different parts of Indiana noted for their abilities along this line. Their final objective is to make St. Meinrad's refectory a place with a salad-appeal.

Jan. 14. Fathers Dunstan and Gerald succeeded in getting through high water between here and Princeton on their way to that city to undergo an exam in Traffic Safety and Physical Education.

The names of the Retreat Masters for the different departments have been announced. The Right Rev. Abbot Mayuel de Caigny, O. S. B., will conduct the exercises for the monastery's first retreat, beginning

January 31. Dom Mayuel, who has retired from the active government of his monastery, is now a member of St. Leo's Abbey, Florida. Originally from Maredsous, he became Abbot of a monastery in Brazil, South America. He spent some time in the Bahamas and finally came to St. Leo's.

The retreat for the Brothers will be conducted some time later by Father Andrew Green, O. S. B., of Atchison, Kansas. On February 1 Father Andrew will open the retreat for the Minor Seminary. The members of the Major Seminary will have Father Lionel Pire, C.P.P.S., while Father Augustine Edele, O. S. B., will be Retreat Master for the Brother Oblates at St. Placid Hall.

Jan. 20. This evening we received a treat in the form of some moving pictures taken at the Cleveland Eucharistic Congress and at the Youngstown, Ohio, Eucharistic Congress. Mr. E. Root, of candle-making fame, prefaced his pictures by telling us that he was an amateur at the business, although he has been taking pictures before most of his audience had opened their eyes. If Mr. Root is an amateur, his pictures did not show it. The pictures, especially those in colors, together with the comments on them were interesting and instructive to those of us who had had no opportunity to be present at either of those two demonstrations of faith in our Eucharistic Lord. The program closed with several reels on bees, beeswax, and candle manufacturing. Then at the invitation of Mr. Root open forum was held and soon informal groups formed around him and his companions asking questions and receiving answers. Thank you very much, Mr. Root.

With all these rains the Anderson valley has been flooded three separate times this week. We are high and dry, but the flood bulletins coming in from the Ohio river district are causing anxiety among those with relatives and friends in the stricken area. The Monastery, Minor Seminary, and the Brother Oblates are keeping perpetual adoration before the Blessed Sacrament in their respective chapels while the waters remain at their height.

Jan. 24. For an hour and a half this afternoon we listened to music that is music. The White Hussars made the occasion a memorable one for us. Without that blaring cacaphony to which we have unfortunately become accustomed the program was a delight and a pleasure for all. We eagerly await a return of the White Hussars.

Jan. 28. Examinations are in progress. Father C. O. Bosler has been appointed examiner in the Major Seminary.

After having spent some months in the South recovering from his serious illness of last summer, Father Norbert is again with us looking fine. He expects to

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From a Science Notebook

H. S., O. S. B.

By controlling the oxygen and carbon-dioxide content of the storage room, fruits can be preserved without decay for periods up to six months.

A green-cut date will not ripen and is more astringent than a premature persimmon.

The date palm produces fruit best when about 100 years old. It may be good for a paying crop up to 500 years.

Stretched vulcanized rubber will contract when heated.

The fifteen-foot poplar tree on the courthouse at Greensburg, Indiana, obtains its food from the composition of the roof.

Wood submerged in water is preserved for hundreds, perhaps even thousands of years.

Corrugated aluminum alloy overshoes are being used to protect workmen against injury should heavy objects fall on their feet.

Rubber paint is being applied to the finishes of automobile parts to protect them against harmful chemicals used to melt snow and ice in winter.

The deaf are taught to "hear" by noting vibrations through their toes and fingertips.

Maggot secret a tissue-forming substance, allantoin, which is used to treat wounds, ulcers and gangrene.

The lighting system on the new San Francisco-Oakland Bay bridge is so effective that motorists are asked to turn out or dim their auto lights while crossing at night.

Under a pressure of 600,000 pounds per square inch water is compressed to half its volume and changes to a solid having a melting point at 212 degrees Fahrenheit.

A giant testing machine at the U. S. Bureau of Standards is capable of exerting a pull or compression of 1,500,000 pounds; yet its operation is so delicate that it can crack an egg without spilling the contents.

In one minute about 900,000,000 dust particles pass through the lungs of the average city dweller. As many as 90,000,000 are left behind in the lungs.

Tests showed that red, orange-yellow, white, green, blue, and purple are the six hues most easily distinguished.

Eighty per cent of the weight of the average 1937 model automobile is steel.

In North America alone there are about 100,000 miles of pipes for the transmission of petroleum and about 65,000 miles for natural gas.

The juice of the papaya tree is being bottled for kitchen use. The juice has an ability to make steaks tender.

Echoes from Our Abbey and Seminary

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return to Marmion after the retreat and to again take up his duties as Headmaster of Marmion Military School.

Father Abbot sent a truckload of bread to Tell City to help alleviate the suffering in that flooded district. Dr. James, of that city, in a letter expressed the gratitude and appreciation of all for the thoughtfulness.

Jan. 29. Soldiers from Indianapolis are going to use St. Meinrad as a base from which to direct flood relief operations for the neighborhood. About a hundred and ten or more soldiers are expected to arrive within the next few days.

Jan. 30. Some twenty-five refugees from Chrisney and Grandview were guests of the monastery for supper this evening and will return from their lodgings in town for breakfast tomorrow morning.

We have about seventy-five soldiers here now. Others are expected soon. Until their equipment arrives, they are to eat in the College refectory and to sleep in the gymnasium. We are glad to do this much at least for those whom the flood has made homeless.

Jan. 31. "Too Many Parents" was the name of the film enjoyed by the community today.

Tomorrow or the day after we expect a wholesale vaccination of each and everyone of our large family. Doctor, you have a large order there.

Query Corner

Conducted by Rev. Gerald Benkert, O. S. B.

When and by whom were the Claretians, the religious who have been so cruelly persecuted and martyred in Spain, founded? Are there any Claretians in the United States?

The Claretians, or Missionary Sons of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, were founded in 1849 by the Venerable Antony Mary Claret y Clarà at Vich, Spain. Founded as a missionary society, the Claretians now conduct missions chiefly in Africa and Central America, numbering at present about three thousand members. There is a province of Claretians for the United States and Canada, with its headquarters at Los Angeles, which is represented in nine dioceses throughout the United States.

Is Communism of its very nature anti-religious or does the opposition to religion, especially the Catholic religion, associated with Communism arise from the personal attitude of some of the leaders of Communism?

Communism as we know it today is fundamentally anti-Christian and anti-religious. Communism is here taken, not in the broad sense of meaning any system of collectivism, but in the strict and practical sense as that system of thought and life derived from the teachings of Karl Marx and put into execution in Russia and Mexico and by the Spanish Communist Government, and which is being propagated in many other countries, chiefly through the instigation of the Communist International. It is one of the basic assumptions of Communism that man is merely an animal which did not have a divine origin, and therefore does not owe any worship to God as to its Creator. On the contrary, religion was regarded by Karl Marx, the father of Socialism and Communism, as the "opium of the people," a mental narcotic concocted by the wealthy class and administered by them to the proletariat in order that they might bear with less violence and opposition the burdens imposed on them by the wealthy. Such an attempt to explain away religion and to give it the opprobrious significance as a weapon in the hands of the wealthy class is a result of Marx's system of thought which considers all factors that influence human history as fundamentally economic in nature. That Communism is fundamentally anti-religious, not only in theory but in fact, can be seen readily from the diabolical hatred and cruelty with which persons and things religious have been attacked in those countries in which Communism has gained the upper hand, namely, Russia, Mexico, and most recently in those parts of Spain controlled by the Communists.

Are the monks of the monastery on the Isle of Caldey in England Benedictine converts from the Anglican Church?

At present the Caldey Monastery is occupied by Cistercian monks from Belgium. Prior to 1928, however, this monastery was inhabited by a group of Benedictine monks, who had organized there in 1895 a community of "Anglican Benedictines" and who in 1913 made their submission to the Catholic Church as a group. After being received into the Church they retained their status as Benedictine monks by taking root from a recognized Benedictine monastery and having their own house canonically erected as a Benedictine monastery. In 1928 this community abandoned their island home and moved to Prinknash Park, England, where they established the present Prinknash (pronounced "Prin-nige") Priory.

Would you kindly give the origin of the white cloth or amice which the priest wears at Mass?

The rectangular white linen cloth, called amice, which the priest wears over the shoulders and under the alb at Mass, probably originated as a scarf to protect the throat against the cold and dampness of unheated churches. Originally it was also used as a head covering, being pulled over the head in the form of a hood; it is still worn in this manner by some of the older religious orders. In a symbolic sense the amice represents the "helmet of salvation" which the soldier of Christ must wear.

Is it true that one of the officials in a beatification or canonization cause is called the "Devil's Advocate?"

This is a colloquial or slang name given to the Promoter of the Faith, one of the officials of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, whose duty it is to examine very thoroughly all the evidence pertaining to the miracles or virtues of the persons whose beatification or canonization is being considered. Before the case is permitted to proceed, all objections advanced by the Promoter of the Faith must be satisfactorily answered. Since this official must point out any flaws in the evidence advanced either as regards the miracles or the virtuous life of the person considered, he is sometimes represented as taking the devil's part and attempting to frustrate the canonization process, and hence has been nicknamed "Devil's Advocate."

At a certain church I observed that the chasuble which the priest wore at Mass was not the ordinary kind of chasuble, but one which hung down in folds from the shoulders and was pointed in front and in back. What kind of chasuble was this?

The type of chasuble to which you refer is called a "casula ampla" or "full chasuble." Sometimes it is also referred to as a Gothic chasuble, although a distinction can be made between the full chasuble and the Gothic; the latter is pointed but is also usually stiff, which does not permit it to hang in folds, whereas the full chasuble is rather circular in form and usually of light, flexible material which permits it to hang gracefully from the shoulders and gives it the appearance of being pointed in front and in back. The full chasuble has been revived in recent years through the influence of the liturgical movement as approximating most closely the liturgical vestment used in the early Church, which took its name "chasuble" or "casula" (meaning "little house") from the long, full cloak in use at that time.

How much of the Mass is included in the term "Canon of the Mass?" Is this the only part at which one is obliged to be present on Sundays?

The Canon of the Mass begins with the prayer "Te igitur" after the "Sanctus" and ends with the "Amen" before the "Pater noster." Thus the Canon of the Mass includes all the prayers and sacred actions between the Preface and the Our Father which form the Consecration or which immediately precede or follow the Consecration. The Canon itself is preceded by the Offertory and followed by the Communion. Since all three of these are important parts of the Mass they are all included in the obligation of assisting at Mass on Sunday; it is not sufficient to be present only during the Canon of the Mass.

Home Circle

Conducted by Clare Hampton

St. Joseph, Model Husband

IF YOU were to come into the House of Nazareth, you would find there a spirit of quiet, sweetness and peace. Joseph, the father, and head of the house, would be diligently sawing or hammering or fitting one piece of wood into the other in his workshop. Jesus would be assisting him, showing great love and willing helpfulness, obeying anything His foster-father told Him to do. Mary would probably be busy in her kitchen, sweeping, baking, making rush mats for the floor, or if her work in the kitchen was finished, spinning thread with the aid of a distaff, just within the workshop, where she might watch her two loved ones as they worked.

When St. Joseph finished a piece of work, he went to deliver it, Jesus accompanying him, perhaps to help him carry something. Sweetly they told Mary goodbye, and she would watch them from the doorway until she could no longer see them. Then, having spun enough thread for her immediate purposes, she would put away the distaff, and go to her room, there to spend an hour or so in holy contemplation or spiritual reading of the Talmud, the Jewish Book of Laws. Never a moment was spent outside in idle conversation with other women, or gadding about looking for pleasure. When Joseph and Jesus returned, the simple meal was ready for them, and never a word of complaint was ever made about the food or its preparation. Can we imagine their holy conversation? Joseph tells Mary about the article he delivered, and the order he received for another piece. Perhaps he placed upon the table the few coins he received in payment, for Mary to keep. Very often, their conversation turned to God and holy things, and Jesus, Who amazed the doctors in the temple, must often have told His father and mother heavenly secrets, such as they never dreamed of. Thus, sweetly and lovingly, they lived together, Joseph never doing anything without Mary, Mary never doing anything without Joseph.

An Orderly Mind

IF EACH of us would have the courage and the zeal to rise fifteen minutes earlier in the morning for the purpose of meditation and setting our minds in order for the day, there would be a little less rubbish and clutter in it, for from day to day we would try to eliminate the faults we had the day before, to oust from it that hard feeling we had against our neighbor, or that envy we felt because we did not rise as high as he did, or that nagging temper which made everybody in the family miserable, or the ungovernable tongue which

said harsh things about another, or any number of other unpleasant traits which we never even dream of trying to eradicate.

An orderly mind is one which determines at the beginning of the day to live in quiet dignity, never losing one's temper, overlooking the glaring fault which irritates us in another, being glad when another receives a promotion or a piece of good luck, being silent when a sharp criticism of another leaps to our lips, doing a kind act to someone on whom we are tempted to revenge ourselves, etc. Keeping a grudge is another piece of worthless clutter; it keeps the mind and soul in slavery; it is a relentless taskmaster, and the stripes it inflicts upon the hated person, tear wide open wounds in our own hearts. Anger reacts upon our health, our nerves—causes us to age prematurely, leaves its marks plainly discernible on our countenances.

How much easier to rise in the morning and resolve that we will open the "bottom of the chute," like one of these coal or sand hoppers, and let all the useless clutter fall out. Then close the chute tight, and fill it with only kindly thoughts. Kind thoughts are as light as feathers, while angry, vengeful ones are heavy, and weigh upon our hearts. Try emptying the mind every morning before starting out to the day's work, and keeping it calm and sweet and kind and helpful. It is easy to keep such a mind orderly after the "clutter" is gone.

Cabbage, the Old Standby

THE CABBAGE family boasts many members, some of them claiming to be aristocrats, such as broccoli, Brussels sprouts, Chinese cabbage, etc. Others parade under the names of collards, kale, cauliflower and kohlrabi, yet, when the matter is boiled down, they all taste in the end like what they are—cabbage. There is green cabbage and white cabbage and red cabbage, some coming in hard-packed heads like round stones, others softer and looser. We generally choose the loose leaved cabbage for boiling purposes, and the solid heads for shredding, either to make slaw, salad, sweet or sour kraut. The red cabbage may be used very effectively in slaw or salad and tastes exactly like white cabbage, but has a lovely, rich color.

In the Fall, in some parts of the country, the cabbage sprouts again from the stem after the head has been cut off, and these are gathered and used just as other cabbage or greens. Brussels sprouts look exactly like miniature cabbages, and taste like them. They are delicious boiled in salt water until tender, and then creamed or buttered. But they become tender very

quickly, and care should be taken not to boil them too long. A few of them added to a beef stew with other vegetables makes a very satisfying meal. The sprouts, when fresh, are firm and green; those that are wilted or that have yellowed leaves usually are stale, and unless they have been obtained at a lower price, will be wasteful to prepare, since the yellow leaves must all be removed. Do not buy them if they look wormy or have lice.

Broccoli once commanded a high price because of its scarcity; but when the Italians and French in this country who missed this familiar old-world vegetable, began to plant it themselves, the price went down. Now it is as cheap as the humbler vegetables, and is good cooked in slightly salted water until tender, and served with Hollandaise sauce, or simply, salt, pepper and butter.

Guarding a Home against Depreciation

THE MAN who owns his own home must constantly be on the lookout for depreciation of his property. A house may be brand-new, yet after the first winter in a smoke-ridden city, steps must be taken at once in the Spring to remove the grime from the walls and woodwork, and even from the painted parts outside. If the grime from the first winter is left on the walls and ceilings, the next year it will be twice as soiled, and harder to remove. If the varnished woodwork is not washed, the surface will no longer be so brilliant, and if left too long, the bluish, 'smoky coating will remain in spite of washing. A careful housewife will at once touch up any scratches that may appear on the woodwork and take exquisite care of bathroom fixtures and the kitchen sink. These things cannot be replaced often, so the utmost care should be taken that they may never be scratched or chipped. In the kitchen, bowls and pans should not be scraped about on the glistening enamel drip-board, but a cloth always put beneath, or better still, a rubber mat. Drains should be cared for every week to prevent plumbers' bills.

Any cracks in corner of walls or ceilings should be immediately repaired with patching plaster, and cracks in woodwork filled in with colored putty. Basement floors should be watched for cracks and chips, and filled in at once with cement so the damage may not extend further. Never drive nails in walls or woodwork; paint the cellar stairs whenever the paint is worn off; varnish the second floor staircase if it shows signs of wear, but a better way is to wax it once a month, or cover with rubber pads or stair carpet. Watch hardwood floors and wax often at points of wear; placing small rugs at such points is still better. Watch heating plants and have defects repaired at once to save greater trouble later on. Watch all plumbing work and take care of any leaks at once, lest ceilings and floors be ruined.

Benedictine Missions

THE CHURCH of Our Lady of Sorrows at Fort Totten was built in 1928, but due to the many dust storms and wild "blows" to which the Dakotas are subject, many of the composition shingles were blown off, and leaks appeared. Late in October, a shipment of cedar shingles arrived from Washington State, and Father hoped that a number of the Indians would be able to help him in nailing them over the old ones. But it seemed, everyone was busy, and it began to look as if Father would have to do the job himself. Finally, he obtained the assistance of three of them, and together, they put up scaffoldings and began the work. The weather was good when the job began, but toward the end of October, north winds blowing over Devil's Lake began to chill the workers to the bone. Finally, when one day Father reached his hand into his pocket and he could not feel the nails there, he knew it was getting pretty cold.

On Hallowe'en the Lake froze over, and the roof was only half shingled. But a half shingled roof with Dakota blizzards on the way would never do. So on All Souls' Day Father had to tackle it alone. He worked three hours and finally had to give it up. By November 6 the mercury showed 8 below zero and it looked as if the shingling would have to be abandoned. But the next week south winds blew again, and Father and his helpers were able to complete the church roof and the house adjoining. When Thanksgiving came, they felt they had real cause for gratitude. With a solid roof, let the winter come!

STOP-RUN—Our kind readers are slowly but surely beginning to send in their orders for "Stop-Run," a powder which, when diluted in water, will prevent runs for a long time in silk stockings if they are soaked in it. The price is only 10¢ per package, and we are in hopes that many more orders will be received, as the proceeds will go to the Missions. Write Clare Hampton, 5610 Walsh Str., St. Louis, Mo.

Household Hints

VASES or glasses on which appear a "water-mark" can be made to gleam again by rubbing the inside with a wet cloth on which some baking soda has been sprinkled. Baking soda on a wet cloth will also remove finger marks from white woodwork, and clean bathroom fixtures. It will deodorize anything that is washed with it.

Diamonds and other precious stones may be cleaned by carefully scrubbing the stone and its setting with a toothbrush, warm water and toilet soap. Rinse with clear warm water and dry with cleansing tissue. Polish gently with the tissue and twist into points to insert in carved parts or open settings.

Shirt collars that have become frayed from much washing may be given a new lease of life by cutting out a piece of new broadcloth about ¼ inch wider than the collar, turning in the edge and stitching neatly over the

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Children's Corner

*Conducted by the Sisters of St. Benedict,
Ferdinand, Indiana*

Benny's Patron

Characters: Mrs. Green, Benny, Billy, Charles and John.

Scene: The Green home. Mrs. Green sitting by the table mending. Benny and Billy playing with their tinker toys. A rap is heard at the door.

John and Charles enter: Hello, Benny! Good evening, Mrs. Green.

Mrs. Green: Good evening, boys.

John: We came over to help Benny celebrate.

Charles: Father Smith told us in instructions about this being Benny's names day. He told us the whole story about St. Benedict.

Benny: Oh, please tell me the story. I just love to hear stories.

John: Many years ago there lived a little boy named Benedict, and a little girl named Scholastica. The two children were twins.

Charles: They had a good mother who taught them how to be good and pure. When Benedict was old enough he went to school in the big city of Rome.

Benny: Yes, and the boys in that school were very wicked and unclean. As soon as St. Benedict found out how bad they were he left them and went to live alone in the mountains.

Mrs. Green: He wanted to get away from those bad boys so that he could serve God.

John: Because Benedict tried to be good and pure, God loved him very much and helped him to grow to be a very holy man.

Charles: Another time an unclean devil came to Benedict and tried to make him sin. Benedict prayed and threw himself into a thorn bush to get away from the devil.

Benny: That made another good score for Benedict.

John: People came from all around to learn from Benedict how to be good.

Mrs. Green: Benedict wrote a set of rules to help men and women serve God better.

Charles: I know one rule of St. Benedict that I am always going to keep. It is the rule of his boyhood. I will stay away from bad companions.

Benny: Here too, and I am going to ask St. Benedict help me keep that rule.

Billy: What else did St. Benedict do?

John: Oh boy! It would take a whole day to tell all he did.

Mrs. Green: Suppose you wait with the rest of the story till some other time.

Benny: That's right. If we tell stories all evening we won't get to play. Come on, let's make something with this tinker toy. (Boys play)

Poems for Mary

1. Oh! sweetest Mother Mary,
Help us, our cross to carry.
In life and death, be at our side,
And always, our weary steps to guide.

Cyrilla Senninger—C. I. C.

2. O Mary, our Mother,
Teach us to pray
For one another
In your own sweet way.

Bettye Riordan—C. I. C.

3. A virgin so pure and full of grace,
Gave birth to a Son, who redeemed this race.
A mother she was, but a virgin remained
Her name today o'er our country doth reign.

Gertrude Moers—C. I. C.

A Helpful Thought

IT WAS Holy Thursday when our Savior, thinking not only of the chosen twelve, but of each of His children who would ever live, instituted the Blessed Sacrament. Jesus knew that the time had come for Him to suffer and die, and in His mercy and love for us He wished to give us this parting gift.

After giving us this Gift, the greatest which even Jesus could give, He left the supper room and went with the Apostles into the garden which was near by. The Apostles noticed that Jesus had become very sad, but they realized it more fully when He told them to sit down while He went to pray.

It was here in the garden that Jesus began His great sufferings for love of us. Here He knelt and prayed to His Heavenly Father for us. Here it was that Jesus in loving obedience to the will of His Father and in infinite mercy and love for us said, "Father, not my will but Thine be done." By these words Jesus meant that He would gladly suffer and die to make up for our sins and open heaven for us.

But remember, children, when Jesus offered Himself to His heavenly Father as victim for our sins, being God, He knew of all the great sufferings that He would have to bear. He knew that He would be scourged, crowned with thorns, made to carry the heavy cross to Calvary, and after being finally nailed to it would hang for three long hours in pain and agony. Yet in loving obedience to His Father's will and because He loved us with an infinite love, He wished to suffer all.

When we think of all these great sufferings which Jesus endured for love of us ought we not return love for love? Ought we not be ready to suffer the little trials and sufferings which Jesus sends us? These are the test of our love. If we really love Jesus we too, shall be glad to say, "Not my will, but Thine be done." We shall be glad that Jesus gives us the chance to show that we are grateful for all that He has done for us.

Do you know who I am, and to what class of saints I belong?

1. I lived in Italy. I was born of noble parents. My parents tried to discourage me

from following my vocation, but I entered the order of St. Dominic. An angel girded me with a cord in token of the gift of perpetual chastity. I studied under Albert the Great. My prayers are treasured by the church as sacred doctrines. My feast is kept on March 7. My name begins with T. Can you guess it? Write it on this line.....

What am I? Martyr doctor bishop

2. I was born at Rome. I married at the age of twelve. My ordinary food was dry bread. I founded the Oblates. God gave me the grace to see my guardian angel. He shielded me in the hour of temptation, and directed me in every good. When I was betrayed into some defect my angel left me. Sometimes he covered his face in shame. My name rhymes with chances. Write my name on this line.....

What am I? Virgin martyr holy woman

3. I was born in Rome, and was governor of that city while still very young. When my father died I gave my wealth to the poor and turned my home into a monastery. After Pope Pelagius died, I was elected pope. I set in order the prayer and chant in the church. My name begins with G. Can you guess it? Write it here.....

What am I? martyr doctor apostle

4. I was the foster father of Jesus. I worked for the Holy Child and His mother in a carpenter shop. I was a strict observer of the Mosaic law. Jesus always obeyed me in all things. Every year we went to Jerusalem to celebrate the Passover. I died in the arms of Jesus and Mary. People pray to me for a happy death. My name begins with J. Write it here.....

What am I? bishop martyr confessor

5. I was born toward the end of the fourth century. When I was sixteen I was captured and taken to Ireland. Here I was sold to a man who made me take care of his sheep and swine. After a long time I succeeded in getting back home once more. God called me to teach the people of Ireland how to know and serve Him. I became a priest and later on a bishop. I converted

Ireland to the true faith. I used a shamrock to illustrate the three persons in God. My feast is kept on March 17. My name rhymes with trick. Write it here.....

What am I? Bishop hermit martyr

6. I was born of a noble Italian family about the year 480. I had a twin sister named Scholastica. I was sent to school in Rome. I ran away from the bad companions I met there. I lived at Subiaco and Monte Casino. I wrote a rule of life for men and women. I died standing in prayer leaning on the arms of my disciples. My name begins with B. Write it here.....

What am I? Martyr abbot bishop

"I Am Black But Beautiful"

(Continued from page 342)

ful picture. Their lives were strikingly parallel. Both of them had the gift of miracles and of prophecy and both were beatified by Pope Gregory XVI.

Most of the extraordinary in the life of Brother Martin is in relation to his work as infirmarian. He always seemed to manage to be present when wanted by one of the sick. Neither distance nor locked doors were an impediment to him. The following is only one of numerous stories showing the wonderful deeds in the life of Blessed Martin. A merchant of Lima took a trip into Mexico. Before departing, he had recommended himself to the prayers of Brother Martin. After his arrival in Mexico he fell desperately ill and in his suffering cried out: "Oh God, why is not Brother Martin here to care for me?" At that very moment Brother Martin entered smiling. Filled with joy, the sick man said: "Why, when did you get here, my dear Brother?" "I just arrived," answered the visitor and then busied himself setting things in order. Then he said to the sick man. "O man of little faith, why did you think you were going to die?" Then having given him some medicine, he added, "Now be assured you won't die of this fever," and then quietly left the room.

The sick man soon recovered. In order to thank Brother Martin he sought him at the

Dominican convent in Mexico City. But he could not find him there nor any place in the city, and on his return to Lima spoke to the superiors of Blessed Martin who informed him that Brother Martin had never left the convent.

Brother Martin was aware that his time to pass into the better world had come. A short time before his death he was asked why he was wearing a new habit. "It is the habit in which I shall be buried," he answered quietly. Shortly after, a fever seized him and on going to bed he said: "Behold the close of my earthly pilgrimage. I shall die of this disease. No medicine will be of any avail." Though he was not believed, his words proved perfectly true. When his last hour had come, his fellow-religious gathered to say the prayers of the dying. He made a last effort to beg pardon for what he called "his bad example." When the prayers were over he asked that the Nicene Creed be recited and at the words 'Et homo factus est' his soul passed to God, November 3, 1639.

News of his death spread like wildfire. The multitudes were shaken with grief. In Martin the poor had lost a good friend. Throngs came to pay their homage. In the presence of the throng Father Cyprian de Medina, desiring to show forth the glory of God, dared to reproach Blessed Martin thus: "How is it, Brother Martin, that your body is stiff? . . . Ask your Master to show His Supreme Power by making it supple and lifelike." The miracle was obtained immediately and a perfume of lilies and roses began to fill the chapel. The enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds. Twenty-five years later the body was found still entire, fresh, and tender, and it exhaled the sweet perfume of sanctity.

(Kindly send in reports of any favors to "The Blessed Martin Guild," 141 E. 65th Street, New York City, New York.)

To St. Meinrad's

ANDREW GREEN, O. S. B.

More lasting, sweeter is the peace of soul,
E'en mid the storms of earth that come and go,
In thee is found, for love doth all control,
Now swells in chants divine that sweetly flow
Resounding thro' the hills; now doth bestow
Aid unto misery. Would I could stay,
Dear Haven sweet, with thee another day.

Household Hints

(Continued from page 345)

frayed collar. In the case of colored shirts, cut enough from the tail to cover the collar.

Glycerin added to the alcohol and water solution in automobile radiators is said to prevent boiling out of the alcohol. The same amount of glycerin as alcohol should be added to the water.

Some powdered cleanser, soapy water and a bottle brush will clean the cloudiest, stickiest bottle imaginable.

Recipes

VEAL SURPRISE: Cut two or three veal steaks into 1½ inch cubes, dust with salt, and pepper and flour delicately. Fry them to a nice brown on all sides, but before turning on the last side, add a finely minced onion, distributing the pieces between the cubes, and turn down the flame until onion is slightly cooked. Peel six small potatoes and halve them the flat way. Place in bottom of a casserole and sprinkle on salt, pepper, and catsup, and place a piece of shortening on each. Then put the fried veal in a layer on top of the potatoes. Pour into the bottom about an inch and a half of warm water and place in the oven with a cover until potatoes are tender. Add to the water if it boils out before they are soft. Use this liquor as gravy when done.

STRING BEAN SALAD: Cut off caps and halve the beans, then boil for five minutes in plain water. Pour off and cover with water, 2 tablespoons vinegar, salt and 2 teaspoons sugar. When tender, pour off liquid and place beans in a bowl. Sprinkle over a little salt, pepper and sugar; add half a sliced onion, and a tablespoon each of vinegar and water. Fry a slice of minced bacon and pour this over salad. Mix well and serve.

Books Received

Social Origins, by Eva Ross. Here is a book that can be recommended to many, especially to students of anthropology, sociology and apologetics. The ordinary person also, no doubt, will find much here that interests him. The customs of the primitives are described not merely in a general way, but special reference is made to this or that tribe so that the reader always knows just what people are being spoken of. The person who has a vague notion of the differences between magic, manism, animism, fetishism and totemism will find in this work a lucid explanation.

The author's purpose is rather negative than positive. The author does not want to prove that our social institutions, such as the family, the State, private property, are natural institutions because they are found among the primitives. The real purpose of the book is to explode the unreal assumptions of false evolutionary theories. It is shown that for the greater part these theories are not based on facts and, whenever there are facts, false conclusions are deduced from them. Sheed & Ward. Price: \$1.25. G. V.

Pamphlets from the Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo.: *Angels at our Side*, by T. N. Jorgensen, S. J., price, ten cents.

It's All so Beautiful, By Daniel A. Lord, S. J., price ten cents.

What Birth Control Is Doing to the United States, by Daniel A. Lord, S. J., price ten cents.

Atheism Doesn't Make Sense, by Daniel A. Lord, S. J., price ten cents.

Novena in Honor of the Only Canonized Saints of North America, by Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J., 226 East Fordham Road, New York. Price ten cents; \$1.00 a dozen, postpaid.

From The Paulist Press, 401 West 59th Street, New York:

Jesus Christ the Divine Bridge Builder, by Aloysius McDonough, C. P., D. D.

Stations of the Cross, by St. Aphonsus Liguiri.

God and His Church, by Wilfred G. Hurley, C. S. P.

God and His World, by Wilfred G. Hurley, C. S. P.

God and His Own, by Wilfred G. Hurley, C. S. P.

The Tactics of Communism, by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen, D. D.

Spain's Struggle against Anarchism and Communism, by Rev. Genadius Diez, O. S. B.

Visits to Theresa Neumann, by Elizabeth Marable Brennan, L.L. D.

All the above are priced at \$3.50 the 100; \$30.00 the 1,000; carriage extra.

Americanism vs. Communism. Liberty or Tyranny, by David Goldstein. Just prior to the receipt of the invitation extended to him by the Socialists to rejoin their ranks, Mr. David Goldstein, convert and well-known open-air lecturer, had been requested by the Central Bureau of the C. V. of America to write for them a brochure on Communism. Well read in the tenets of Marx, equally well acquainted with the methods and tactics of the Reds, few men are better qualified for this task than he. Although Mr. Goldstein devotes only twenty pages to the discussion of his subject his refutation of Earl Browder's utterly misleading war cry: "Communism is 20th Century Americanism" is complete. The brochure is recommended for mass distribution.

Central Bureau Press, 3835 Westminster Pl., St. Louis, Mo. Price 5 cents the copy; 50 cts. the dozen; \$1.00 for 25; \$1.85 for 50; \$3.50 for 100 copies.

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